

## Big and Untouchable

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Summary: Kendall hated it. This was Katie. And she was battling a demon that Kendall couldn't fight for her, that he couldn't touch.

Cancer fanfic for FootballandBTR. Even if you don't read, please shoot a prayer out to whoever you believe in for him please

## Big and Untouchable

**\*\*Hehe. I've decided to write most of this to "How Bad Can I Be?" from \*\*\_\*\*The Lorax\*\*\_\*\*, which is slowly replacing \*\*\_\*\*How To Train Your Dragon\*\*\_\*\* as my favorite movie. Things are getting intense.\*\***

**\*\*Speaking of intense: Guys, I'm about to get real.\*\***

**\*\*I've always sworn to never do a cancer fic because of personal reasons, but sometimes you gotta step up to the plate because there are things bigger than you.\*\***

SO THIS IS FOR MY HOMEBOY, FOOTBALLANDBTR!

It didn't take long for Kendall Knight to decide completely and whole-heartedly that chemotherapy was the most terrifying thing on the planet. Well, maybe it hadâ€¦ it did take him eighteen years, after all. But when he was seventeen? When he was seventeen, he hadn't known anything about it. He knew that it had made Mrs. Simpson on the fourth floor lose all her hair, and thatâ€¦ Well, that was it.

But now that Katie was going through it?

Yeah, it didn't take Kendall a lot of time to figure out what chemo was \_really\_ about, and â€œfrankly- it was scary. Because basically, the point of chemotherapy was to get a person as close as possible to death so that the cancer inside figured that they were gone and stopped itself from doing the job. It brought healing by dragging you

down and letting things inside you die. That made \_Kendall\_ want to die.

He hated watching his sister's hair fall out. She had beautiful hair. He hated watching her become so tired. She had always been so full of energy. He hated watching her fight everyday. He was supposed to do that for her. Kendall was the big brother. He was supposed to be the one to beat down her demons, to protect her. However, cancer wasn't something he could take care of.

Cancer was big. Cancer was scary. Cancer was \_untouchable\_. All of his life, Kendall Knight took care of things with his hands. Someone picking on shrimpy Logan or Latino Carlos? He'd punch 'em out. Had to paint a picture for art class? He'd be finger painting, even if it was watercolors. Bake sale? He's kneading the dough. Kendall liked things that were tactile, that he could \_touch\_. Kendall didn't like being told his sister had to deal with something he couldn't get his hands on. He \_had\_ to get his hands on it. This was important; this was Katie; this was \_real\_.

Doctors, however, didn't seem to get that. They didn't understand how Kendall either needed this thing gone or at his feet. They couldn't seem to figure out how urgent this was, how Kendall needed this to happen quickly. \_This was important; this was Katie; this was real\_. So instead of making it done and getting it over with by just tearing it out like they did for Mr. Nelson who lived down the road when Kendall was little, the doctors decided to do it in the most misguided way Kendall had ever heard.

By bringing his baby sister on the boarder of life and death itself.

No.

\_No\_.

Kendall didn't like that idea. In fact, he didn't get why that was even an option because, really, that didn't even make sense. How was essentially killing a person supposed to keep them alive? Didn't they see how tiny Katie was? Didn't they understand how young she was? She was twelve. That was nothing. How was she supposed to hold up against death? Big, powerful, consuming death?

The idea made him itch. As time passed on, Kendall found himself pacing the length of 2J over and over, back and forth under his friends' watchful eyes as he slowly wore himself a path through the floor. He couldn'tâ€¦ \_sit\_ any longer. He couldn't sit, and wait, and hopeâ€¦ He had to do something. Seriously, something, \_anything\_, but there was nothing for him to do.

And nothing is such a hopeless wordâ€¦ Especially when Katie was lying in front of him, dying but not. She wasâ€¦ she was more than a sister. He was older than her. A good bit older at that. Heâ€¦ he had raised her. His dad had gone, so he stepped in, and Katieâ€¦ Katie was more than a sister.

Kendall couldn't do \_nothing\_. He couldn't deal with \_nothing\_. His hands twitched at his sides until one day everything was too much. Things were falling apart much too much. Katie flat linedâ€¦ Katie couldn't stay awake. Katie needed him and there wasn't anything for

him to doâ€¦ nothing, just nothing tangible for him to do.

Kendall was distressed and scared, and people were telling him that time was running out. What time? For what? Running out where? When? What? So many questions, so little answers, and everything just seemed so big, until Kendall brought his hands together â€”the same ones that he used to push Katie on swings and walk her across the street with- close to his chest. Tears streamed down his cheeks because time was running out, even if he didn't know for what or why, and he prayed.

He didn't know if he believed in God, and he didn't know if he believed in prayer, but Kendall prayed. Things weren't over yet; they couldn't be. Cancer was big; this sickness was big; life was so big, but Kendall wasn't ready to let things end as they were yet. He would never be able to end things as they were. This was a fight, and he wasn't taking off his armor yet. Not until every last enemy had been chopped down.

So he prayed. He wasn't making sense as he went about it, not even in his own mind. It was hectic and desperate, and he wasn't able to complete one thought of it before moving to the next one because â€”crap- it was just so big, and he wasn't strong enough. Kendall couldn't do this. He couldn't do anythingâ€¦ anything but pray.

Pray for something too big to rest on his shoulders to change.

\* \* \*

><p>You know? Looking at Katie now? Kendall almost forgot what being scared felt like. He supposed that she didn't look as healthy as she had when she was 11, butâ€¦ But justâ€¦ you would have to see her, really. You'd have to see the weak little spindle of a girl lying in a hospital bed and then back to the beautiful one splashing in the pool before him.<p>

Cause really? How was that even possible? She wasâ€¦ she was Katie. Kendall could see her again. She had always been there, hidden in the smile that graced her face when came in as visiting hours started or the thousands of schemes she had drawn up in her time alone that littered her walls, butâ€¦ It was like her personality had maybe started to die a little bit with the rest of her body. She had just been tiredâ€¦ It wasn't her fault.

Butâ€¦ but, look at her! Can youâ€¦? Howâ€¦? What? Is that really possible? She seemed so alive. Kendall felt so alive. He hadn't realized how numb he had felt before, but now he was looking at Katie, and she was laughing and swimming with her friends who never forgot about her, and it hit Kendall. It hit him hard in the heart, and he knew he was crying and that he people around him were staring, but it was okay. Katie was okay.

And Kendall felt small. He felt small, and humbled, and so, so tiny becauseâ€¦ becauseâ€¦ yes. Yes. Everything was so big and so much bigger than him, but he didn't have to do it alone anymore. Kendall couldn't be alone. He had Katie, and he had someone bigger than him, and he needed someone bigger than him and bigger than the world to take down the hugeness that was everything else.

And oh my gosh, was Katie beautiful or what? Kendall wanted to hold

herâ€| he knew it scared her when he held her because he couldn't do it without shaking, butâ€| she was beautiful. Have you ever seen anything more beautiful? No, you couldn't haveâ€| Katie was strength; Katie had made it out of the darkest place Kendall had ever seen. He didn't know how. He really didn'tâ€| She had been there. There. Kendall had watched. Watched. But look at her. Oh God, someone look at her!

Life was beautiful. Katie was beautiful. And even in darknessâ€|?

Even in darkness, there is light.

**\*\*Guys, if you wouldn't mind shooting out a prayer for FootballAndBTR, that would be greatly appreciated.\*\***

End  
file.